

everyone was.

After that I grew a little cool.
He stopped coming over, but he called
a few times to test my position.
Finally he called to say he was flying
back to Hungary.

I said that was nice. He ignored my remark
and asked if I'd like to come and join
him for a few farewell drinks.
I said no, that I didn't want to share
much of anything with him and frankly,
I was pretty damn glad he was going.
Well, he answered, at least I've
left you with something!

K Street 1952

Dragging the main
used to be
the thing to do
when I was a kid.
Everybody turned up
at the same place
on a Friday night.
We'd drive up and down
the streets, waving
and shouting at friends,
making smart-ass remarks
and feel BIG.
Later on
we gathered at
Stan's Drive-In
to watch some more
and take in the usual
fist fights.
We had beer on the floors
of the cars which we
drank practically
under the nose
of the cops. We thought
that we were tough
and clever. And we
probably were.